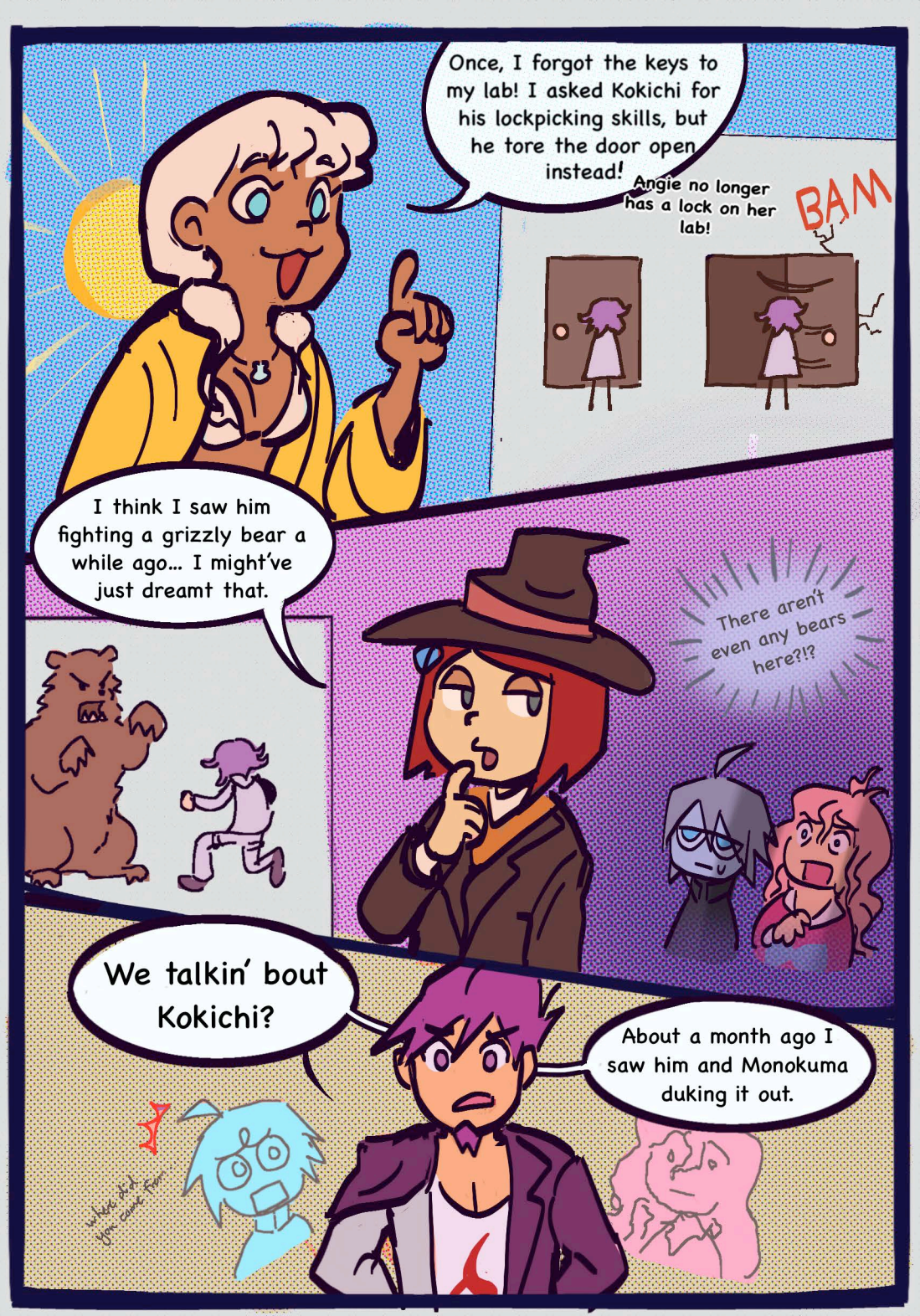
Twunk Ouma
Heard he's shredded
ABSolute bulkiest, most brawny, beefiest Kokichi zine in history

Panta

For Ultimate Fizzy Flavor!

What are you doi
So you've noticed right.
Noticed what
Kokichi's freaky strength!!
Just 2 days ago I saw his skinny ass open a crate with his bare hands... it's fuckin' unbelievable.


Once, I forgot the keys to my lab! I asked Kokichi for his lockpicking skills, but he tore the door open instead!
Angie no longer has a lock on her lab!
BAM
I think I saw him fighting a grizzly bear a while ago... I might've just dreamt that.
There aren't even any bears here?!?
We talkin' bout Kokichi?
About a month ago I saw him and Monokuma duking it out.

He must've said something that crossed a line, because Monokuma slammed its body into him.

He walked away completely unphased, though. It was weird as hell.

Small stature doesn't necessarily mean he's weak. I saw the guy lift the pole to a tennis net.

Very true. There are many examples of things like that throughout history.

Kokichi trains hard, Gonta knows it!

Why don't we ask Monokuma? He'd certainly know!

Well... I think we should be wary. This is Kokichi after all.

Hey guys!

Talking about moi?

Truth is, controlling a giant secret organization is pretty physically taxing, you know? I gotta keep these chiseled muscles in tip top shape!

Weren't you ever told not to talk about someone behind their back?

HAHAHA

Muscles?! You wouldn't know a pec if it smacked you in the face!

MOUTH

Oh yeah?

RIP Gonta

RIP Kaede

good job!

A WORTHY OPPONENT

by toxicpineapple

Tenko keeps a watchful eye on all of the boys in her class—in general, but especially on their physical capabilities.

Naturally, she needs to know what she's up against in case the girls in her class are ever at risk, but it isn't just that. Tenko has been on the lookout for a suitable sparring partner ever since coming to stay at Hope's Peak Academy. Being away from her master and the dojo is as exciting as it is nerve wracking, but it also means that Tenko just doesn't get as much practice time as she used to.

Wonderful as it would be to fight more of the *girls*, the simple fact is that aside from Kirumi and Maki, none of them are quite at Tenko's level. And while Maki and Kirumi *are* formidable opponents, Tenko won't grow as a martial artist if she only limits herself to two enemies.

So it's the boys Tenko is keeping her eye on, for the most part. It's like killing two birds with one stone. If a boy reveals himself to be a worthy opponent, not only does Tenko get a new potential sparring partner, but she also has the opportunity to eliminate a threat before it fully forms. It's a win-win. Tenko might hate men, but she can appreciate a good fighter when she sees one.

Unfortunately, aside from Kaito, who she spars with periodically, Tenko doesn't really have a wide range of choices within her class. Gonta is incredibly powerful, but while Tenko is strong, she isn't confident yet in her ability to flip him over. It's more about momentum than it is about weight or size, but regardless, Tenko doesn't want to attempt anything until she's sure she can do it without hurting herself or anybody else. Sure, Gonta is a male; but he's a gentleman above all else, and Tenko would feel really guilty if she hurt somebody because she overestimated her abilities.

Aside from Gonta and Kaito, Ryoma is quick on his feet and well-built and Rantaro seems to have good reflexes, but Tenko gets apprehensive about the prospect of asking Ryoma for *anything*, much less a fight, and Rantaro isn't around enough for him to be a real option. The four of them, Gonta, Kaito, Ryoma, and Rantaro, are pretty much all Tenko has to choose from. Korekiyo and Shuichi already look like they're about to fall over from hunger most days, and Kiibo is a robot. Kokichi, on the other hand, while quick and lithe, doesn't pose much of a *challenge* to Tenko; as soon as she catches him, it's pretty much over. Someone with such weak and flimsy arms will surely be no match for Tenko's *Neo-Aikido*.

Or at least, that's what she was thinking. She's kept a close eye on Kokichi, both because he's the most troublesome male in their class and because in a way she kind of feels bad for him—it must be lonely to be so hated—but since coming to the academy around six months ago, Kokichi hasn't really demonstrated his strength level in any meaningful way. For the most part, he's darted around and ticked people off and then snuck away before he could face the consequences of his actions. Such is the way of an irresponsible male. Tenko doesn't dwell on it. Having expectations for boys is only setting yourself up for disappointment.

Today, though, Tenko watches Kokichi buzz around the classroom, tapping Kaito on one shoulder and then the other, cackling gleefully whenever he snaps and then getting right back into it. It's such a repetitive prank that Tenko isn't even sure how he gets any enjoyment out of it, but she suspects it's more to do with Kaito than it is to do with anything else. The two of them are… friends, in that weird, sort of yes sort of no way that males are friends sometimes, but rather than being affectionate they both just seem to enjoy competing with one another.

Whatever. Tenko doesn't waste her time trying to decipher male friendship.

Maki lifts her head eventually, after her conversation with Kaito gets interrupted for the fourth time, and affixes Kokichi with burning red eyes.

"Quit it," she snaps.

"Make me," Kokichi retorts, snickering. Tenko is thinking to herself, *Ouma-san is really lucky that Harukawa-san is the Ultimate Childcaregiver, because Tenko would have pummeled him,* as Maki gets to her feet. In a flash, Kokichi and Maki are no longer at Kaito's desk, but rather by the edge of the classroom, Maki holding Kokichi against the wall by his neck.

It's as though the whole room takes a deep breath, all conversations falling silent, eyes settling on that spot by the door. Tenko herself starts to rise, a hand gripping the back of her chair, watching to see if she'll need to intervene—not for Kokichi's sake, but rather for Maki's, as a lovely girl like her shouldn't have to sully her hands with the blood of males—but nobody else does a thing, all the movement around Tenko having ceased entirely.

Kokichi's fingers scramble against Maki's, his lips opening and closing as he gasps for air. "W-Wow, Harukawa-chan! What's this for?"

Maki's grip tightens visibly. "You're annoying."

There is movement in the corner of Tenko's eye, a flash of lilac, but Tenko's gaze is locked squarely on Kokichi's hand. It trembles, and then it travels down Maki's own to her forearm, gripping so tight Kokichi's middle finger and thumb entirely encircle her wrist. Before Maki can react, Kokichi wrenches her hand away and flips her elbow over his head, ducking near to the ground, knees skidding against the dusty tile. Maki gasps, her other hand flying around, but Kokichi moves too quickly, darting away from her fingertips and then slipping out the door. He blows a raspberry before disappearing down the hallway.

Eyes flashing, Maki makes to pursue him, but Kaito is there first, grabbing her arm. "Harumaki, hey, easy, it's not worth it." His tone is placating, but his eyes, which shift to the door, betray him. He must be worried about Kokichi.

Again, male friendship is weird and Tenko has no time for it. Still, Kaito isn't the only one who's… if not worried, then *intrigued* by what they just saw. Tenko had already been halfway out of her seat, but now that the danger has passed, she stands completely, brushing past Maki and Kaito and slipping out the door, intent upon tracking Kokichi down.

•••

Kokichi is, inarguably, a master of hide and seek. Tenko checks her student handbook first and foremost, tabbing through different locations on the map until she finds Kokichi's little pixelated icon, but after heading to the dorms and ringing his buzzer about a thousand times, Tenko determines that he isn't actually there. He must have left his handbook in his room to avoid being tracked. Tenko supposes that makes sense for somebody with such a penchant for causing trouble, but it's still annoying. She just wants to *talk* to him.

This isn't the time to be complaining, though. Tenko isn't the kind of person who gives up easily. She searches the dorm laundry and trash rooms, and then the courtyard. She even checks places where he likely *wouldn't* be, like the inside of the fountain and underneath benches. Just in case. Kokichi is a tricky sort of person. Tenko doesn't like puzzles or riddles, isn't that smart or crafty in general, but if she wants to find him, then she has to at least *try* to put herself in his shoes. It's easier when she phrases it like that, when it's a question of empathy rather than intellect. *If Tenko were Ouma-san, what would* she *do?*

After exhausting the list of hiding places in the courtyard, Tenko's attention falls once again on the main building. There are dozens of hiding places within the school building, but rather than searching from bottom to top, on a hunch, Tenko heads directly to Kokichi's lab. She hesitates in front of the door, sucking in a breath. It's a conscious effort to enter without knocking.

Tenko hasn't actually been inside of Kokichi's lab before. She doesn't make a habit of visiting the spaces of males. It just feels like setting herself up to get her *Neo-Aikido* power depleted. Kokichi's has too much going on for Tenko to really wrap her head around properly, from a big car on display off on the right to a glowing blue throne front and center. It's all very Kokichi, which does make Tenko feel a bit uncomfortable, but any discomfort eases when she spots the *Supreme Leader* himself lounging on the throne, lips pursed as he swipes through pictures on his cell phone.

"Ouma-san!" Tenko calls. If Kokichi is surprised that she's here, it doesn't show on his face. An eyebrow quirks and he turns his head, making eye contact with Tenko. Before he can say anything annoying, Tenko speaks again. "Um—is Ouma-san alright?"

Frankly, that isn't what Tenko came to ask, but she figures she should, anyway. If Tenko is right about him, Kokichi is a tougher male than she originally assumed, but even the toughest of people can get shaken up sometimes. Tenko herself has to take time to recover, and she especially would if she got choked out like that by somebody as strong as Maki.

It seems to surprise Kokichi, though. "Hmmmm? What's this, Chabashira-chan cares about whether or not I'm okay? I'm shocked! Don't you have a sacred vow to protect the honour of all women?"

"Don't say it in such a mocking voice," Tenko huffs. She pinches the bridge of her nose. "Of *course* Tenko wants to protect Harukawa-san's honour… but she can still admit when a girl did something wrong." If knowing Angie has taught her anything, it's that. "Don't make it weird though, menace! Tenko isn't asking because she trusts you!"

Oddly enough, Kokichi doesn't seem offended by the title. He swings his legs off the armrest and kicks them over the front of his throne, leaning far enough forward that he can prop his chin up by his elbows, a grin on his face.

"Right, riiiight… this is that compassion I've been hearing so much about! Well, if you must know, I'm angry and scared and I'm liable to start crying here and now. Who knew Harukawa-chan had such a temper, damn!"

Kokichi says it so bluntly that Tenko is inclined to call it a lie, but she doesn't want to dismiss the possibility that he might be telling the *truth,* either. Still, he wouldn't have said it like that if he'd wanted her to ask, would he? Grumbling, Tenko rubs the back of her neck. She really wishes he wouldn't make such simple things so complicated. Tenko just isn't smart enough to puzzle him out.

"Tenko will help Harukawa-san," Tenko decides to say, "just as Tenko will help all other girls. Still! If Ouma-san is alright enough to play his mind games, then he's alright enough to answer Tenko's question!"

Once again, Kokichi quirks a brow. "Oh? And that is?"

"Will Ouma-san spar with Tenko?"

"Wh—" Kokichi seems genuinely taken aback for a moment, his eyes going wide. He sputters briefly, getting out bits of words but no full sentences, and then stammers, "C-Come again?"

"You escaped from Harukawa-san so effortlessly!" Tenko exclaims. She can't help the bit

of heat to her voice as she recalls Kokichi's technique; it had been impressive watching him pull Maki away from his neck and slide under her arm like that. Such a thing requires practice and skill that she hadn't been aware Kokichi had. "Ouma-san must be incredibly strong, and Tenko has been looking for a new opponent. Tenko will forgive you for dying all her aikidōgi pink if you say yes!"

Kokichi's brows knit together. He lifts a hand to the back of his neck, almost sheepish. "Uh… Chabashira-chan, you barely saw anything, back there… I could've just been using some other kinda skill to escape her, y'know. You have no way of knowing that I'm actually gonna be a worthy partner."

"Even so!" Tenko insists. "Momota-san isn't a worthy partner either! But if Ouma-san has such techniques, then Tenko can learn from fighting him! Please say yes! Tenko will teach Ouma-san, too! It's my sworn duty to spread the word of *Neo-Aikido,* even if my Master isn't here to guide me!"

"That's—" Kokichi stops short, the wicked grin that had been beginning to form on his face dropping entirely, and instead of speaking he stares blankly at Tenko, his mouth hanging open. Eventually, he closes it, and a different kind of smirk appears on his face. "Hmm… well, I can't say it's not an interesting offer… will Chabashira-chan join my evil organisation if I do it?"

"Absolutely not."

"Hey, it was worth a shot," Kokichi snickers. He slides off his throne and throws his arms behind his neck, strolling across the lab and stopping about a yard away from Tenko, that same lopsided smirk still curving his lips. "Fine, then. I'll spar with you, long as there's no strings attached. If I walk into your lab and Harukawa-chan is waiting behind a door to ambush me, Yumeno-chan will never have another peaceful night's sleep for as long as she lives."

Tenko's outrage is more in response to the insinuation than the threat. "Tenko would *never!*"

"Nishishi! I know," Kokichi grins, and then leans in closer, a sly glimmer in his eye. "But if you wanna know the truth, Chabashira-chan… I'm actually totally ripped. You've never seen it before, but I'm hiding a six pack under my clothes."

Frowning, Tenko considers the confession. There's… no way that's true, right? She gives Kokichi another onceover, taking in the muscle definition of his shoulders and his stomach. He… *could* have a six pack. Maybe. But the idea of it sort of freaks Tenko out in itself.

"Is… is that so?"

"Of course! Would I lie to you?" Kokichi winks. "Y'wanna see?"

His hands go down to the lower hem of his shirt. Tenko elbows him in the stomach and promptly makes a break for it.

...

It wasn't a lie. Kokichi really is… absolutely shredded.

HYDRATE
OR
pan.
kayks

PROTEIN
PROTEIN

2022

BECOME THE PROTAGONIST
OF YOUR OWN STORY
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SoldierEL

ALL-IN by prom

Shuichi had to ask himself constantly: “How did I get into this mess?” More often than not, the answer to that question was a well-defined “Ouma-kun”. No matter the reservations or lack of trust, they all ended up playing into his hand eventually. And this time, it seemed that everyone had fallen for Kokichi’s plot all at once, Shuichi considered, as they sat on the floor watching Kokichi prepare for the game.

“I’m glad you’ve all gathered around, boys!” Kokichi chirped, voice chipper over the rapid snapping of shuffling cards. “Today we play for the big bucks!”

“Oi, Ouma.” Kaito glared at Kokichi, his leg bouncing on the floor with an impatient rage, “Don’t you think we play enough ‘games’ already with Monokuma?”

Kokichi’s smile was sickly-sweet, “No! Games are fun, Momota-chan. I’m practically addicted to them!”

“Gonta agrees, games are fun! Gonta wants to have fun with all of you!”

“This isn’t going to be a death game, is it?” Korekiyo looked like he had better things to do. Shuichi suspected he was only here to observe the others, rather than entertain Kokichi’s ploy.

“I can make it a death game if you want! Oh, oh, maybe for every bad bet you make, we feed you to Monokuma and his five mistakes!”

“That would mean we can’t make any bad bets.” Ryoma pointed out.

“That’s what makes it a death game!”

Shuichi pinched the bridge of his nose, already feeling a headache coming on. “I think… we’ll stick to a normal game, please…” or at least, as normal as a game could be with Kokichi spearheading it.

“You wound me, Saihara-chan!” Kokichi paused his insistent card shuffling to dramatically slap a hand over the heart of his chest. “What else would this game be, if not innocent fun!”

Rantaro cut in before Kaito could tell Kokichi off, “You haven’t told us what game we’ll be playing. Old maid, maybe?”

“What a fucking shit guess, Amami-chan!”

Kokichi set the cards down in front of him, “We’re playing poker, of course!”

“There’s a catch.” Ryoma took a bite of his candy cigarette, “I don’t believe for a second that we’re playing normal poker. What are we even meant to wager, monocoins? I think Saihara’s the only one who cares about those.” Ryoma pointedly ignored the way Shuichi grew flustered at the comment.

“Well…”

“Oh god, there’s a fucking catch. Ouma, I’m not playing your bullshit if it’s bullshit.”

“How eloquently spoken, Momota-chan! Would you consider strip poker to be bullshit?”

“Strip poker?” Shuichi found himself genuinely surprised by the offer. Kokichi always recommended completely random games, but strip poker? It felt weirdly out of character for him. He would expect that proposition from Miu, not from Kokichi. Shuichi took a moment to look around and confirm that Miu wasn’t hiding in the room.

“Strip poker?!” Kaito jumped up to hit feet, “Seriously Ouma?! With just the guys…?!”

“Ooooh, internalized homophobia?”

“I’m down, I think it could be fun.”

“And that’s why you’re my favorite, Amami-chan!”

Ryoma began to push himself up to his feet, “I figured this would be a waste of time. You all have fun, but I’m not stripping for Ouma.”

“Hoshi-chan, if you win this game I’ll get Saihara-chan to buy that cutesy cat pillow you’ve been eyeing up.”

Before Shuichi could protest, Ryoma tsked and sat back down with his arms crossed. It seemed that Kokichi had everyone wrapped around his finger, able to sway opposing opinions to his side even if they hated him. He watched as Kaito continued to rave and rage, but refused to leave once Kokichi suggested he couldn’t “handle” the game. Shuichi himself decided to stay to make sure things didn't get… too out of hand.

Gonta tilted his head, “If Ouma want to play games with everyone, why are the girls not here…? It’s not nice to leave the girls out of the game...”

“Gonta! How scandalous! You want to see the girls without their shirts?!”

Gonta’s face grew bright red at the accusation, “That’s not it! Gonta just...! Wanted to be inclusive! Like gentleman!”

“A *real* gentleman only plays *gay* strip poker!”

“Oh, that make sense.”

Rantaro, with the kind and gentle smile of a concerned older brother, put one hand on Gonta’s shoulder, “Please don’t listen to his nonsense.” Rantaro turned to Kokichi. “But… if you wanted all the boys to play, why didn’t you invite Kiibo-kun? You were pretty insistent on all of us coming.”

“What exactly can Kiiboy strip? His dignity?”

“Haha, maybe it’s for Kiibo-kun’s own good that he isn’t here.” Shuichi didn’t understand how Rantaro could stay so relaxed and upbeat in these situations.

Kokichi held the cards in his hands as though they were a blessed chalice. “This is what I like to call ‘Ouma’s Lucky Deck’. I never make a bet without it, and you’re about to see why.” Shuichi never took Kokichi to be a man of luck, rather, Kokichi seemed to him the opposite. Kokichi was a force that only played bets because he understood everyone else's hands, but here he was declaring lady luck was his adversary. Then again, Kokichi was also a force that planned several steps ahead of Shuichi, maybe this lucky deck announcement was only meant to mess with their heads in some way. Or, maybe it was just Kokichi’s way of telling them that he liked the purple and white checkered pattern on the back of the cards.

“Now!” He declared, beginning to deal cards to each of the guys, “In case any of you noobs have still managed to be clueless after all this time-” Kokichi’s words were directed directly at a fuming Kaito, “-in strip poker we make our bets with our clothes.”

Korekiyo let out a haunting laugh, “How interesting that strip poker began as a way for poor men to still be able to make bets, and now we play strip poker solely for the rush.” He hugged himself, “I’m sure that none of you will disappoint me with your reactions.”

“I’m going to ignore that!” Kokichi’s wide tooth smile never left his face as the others examined their cards. Shuichi looked over his own hand, a high card. Oh well, even if he had something worth betting over, Shuichi didn’t feel like betting his clothes. Unlike Kokichi, who immediately bet his own jacket before he even glanced at his cards. Looked like Shuichi was folding this round.

"You're going to regret that, Ouma!" Kaito said, his face lit up in triumphant glory, "I'm betting my jacket!"

Shuichi felt the urge to warn Kaito to keep his poker face on, but he had a feeling that keeping a straight face wasn't exactly Kaito's specialty.

Rantaro tried to announce that he was betting his pants, but his voice was overshadowed by Kaito's continued declarations, "You think you'll get to humiliate me, Ouma, but guess what?! I'm going to get to show off my abs while *you'll* be stuck looking like a scrawny pole!"

"Wooow…" Kokichi's face was flat, "I don't care…"

"You-!"

"Now! It's time to show our hands!" With a dramatic flick of his wrist and an overconfident smirk on his face, Kokichi threw down his hand of cards, followed shortly by Kaito, Rantaro, and one confused Gonta.

Flush. Two pair. Three of a kind. High card.

Kokichi had them all beat.

A sinister laugh filled the air, Kokichi looking all too pleased as it dawned on Kaito his failure. The complete dread, the realization that *Kokichi* had him beat, left Kaito in furious denial.

"That's right Momota-chan! Take off the jacket!"

The article was thrown to the ground, Kaito sat down and grumbled with his arms crossed.

Rantaro didn't seem to care, and was already taking off his pants.

"But wait," Gonta said, pulling off his tie, "Gonta does not understand how to play-"

"Next round!"

Shuichi couldn't shake the feeling that something was… off about this game. Perhaps it was just the leer that Kokichi gave to every single one of them, hardly paying attention to his own cards. It felt like he could see right through them, knowing exactly what their strategies were before they did. Shuichi watched as Kokichi won the next round, able to rile the others into betting their clothing when they were going to fold. And then again…but this time, Kokichi seemed in complete confidence that made the others fold. And again…The game continued on with Kokichi continuing to completely win each round. He was a force to fear, leaving the guys in less and less clothing only to mock them.

•••

"Gonta," a hatless Ryoma sighed, "you shouldn't bet your underwear."

"Let him!" Kokichi cried out, "I have nothing but respect for such bravery!"

Gonta immediately lost.

•••

"I quit." Ryoma said, "I'm not giving Ouma my pants."

"You're so mean Hoshi-chan!" Kokichi sobbed, "Where's your sportsmanship!?"

•••

"Oops, looks like I lost again." Rantaro rubbed the back of his neck with a lighthearted smile. He pulled his necklace up and around his head- why did he bet his shirt before his necklace? "Guess that's it for me."

“Gonta… why are you still naked?”

•••

Korekiyo had been stripped down to his boxers and mask when he finally conceded. Kokichi had seemed eager to get him to take the mask off, but once the time for a bet came suddenly Korekiyo claimed that he’d gotten bored of this game.

“I simply wish to observe how you all react.” He’d said.

“And *I’d* like to observe you without your mask on.” Kokichi grumbled, but continued on with the next round.

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“Dammit!” Kaito screamed.

With Kaito’s jacket now over his shoulders, Kokichi smugly said “That’s right, Momota-chan, fork over the socks!”

“I can’t bet my boxers...!” Kaito clenched his fist after removing the socks, “But I can’t let this damn brat win! I’m Momota Kaito! Luminary of the Stars!”

“That’s very nice, Momota-chan. Now-”

“Shuichi!” Shuichi looked up at a determined call of his name. Oh no… he knew that tone of voice-

“As my sidekick: it’s up to you to beat him! I know you can! We’re counting on you!”

Ryoma nodded, “If anyone can beat him, it’s probably Saihara.”

“Don’t think too hard, Saihara-kun.” Rantaro said, leaning back, “Just play like normal.”

“We’ve got your back!” Kaito yelled.

•••

Shuichi sighed as he shrugged off his jacket. Despite his long-sleeved dress shirt, he still felt awkward and uncomfortable. Especially since he was sitting next to his half-naked friends. Despite his discomfort, he made this bet willingly; it wouldn't be fair if he didn't play along like the others, right? They were just here to have fun, right?

He glanced over at the others as the next round of betting began. The determined faces, giving Shuichi advice, the angry yelling. Okay. Maybe everyone wasn’t here to have fun, but rather to take down Card Shark Kokichi, who somehow hadn’t lost once.

Kokichi’s cat eyes curled in delight at all the ruckus, everyone only working together to take him down. “You guys want me shirtless *soooo* badly! You really want to see my rippling abs that would be Momota-chan’s lame ‘beach bod’ to shame?”

“Shut up! I’ve never seen you work out ever!”

“Not true! I can run *very* fast, you’ve never caught me before!”

“Yeah, cuz you’re a slippery little worm!”

“A worm that you want to see shirtless!”

Shuichi tuned out the words around him. Think. Think. How could he beat Kokichi? Perhaps the issue was… Kokichi’s reactions were more honest than he’d realized…

“Well then.” Kokichi turned to Shuichi, “Next round?”

•••

“Ok, ok everyone,” Kokichi quieted down the cheers with a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders, seemingly unbothered by having to take off his

jacket, “I’ll give you that sweet reward you’ve all been working so hard for.”

His hands approached the buttons, starting from the top. Everyone watched, making teasing comments (“C’mon skinny boy!”) and chanting for him to take it off. Slowly, tauntingly, Kokichi popped the first button closest to his collar. The yells grew louder, more and more excited to see Kokichi finally properly lose at his own game. He reached for the second button and-

Ripped the entire damn jacket right off.

“Wh-what the fuck…?!”

“What is this…!?”

“There’s no way…!”

Shuichi had to squint past the light that seemed to reflect right off of Kokichi’s chest. Throbbing muscles gleamed as Kokichi flexed his pecs, everyone's eyes glued to the perfectly sculpted six-pack. It was as though the abs were drawn by God Himself, something fully worth betting over.

“He’s fucking ripped!” Miu screamed.

That’s right, Ouma Kokichi was a diamond-in-the-rough Twunk.

Kokichi threw open his arms, cackling down at all of them with a villainous aura, “That’s right! I, Ultimate Supreme Leader Ouma Kokichi, am also the Ultimate Washboard Abs! Nishishishi! Look on and weep, Momota-chan!”

“How?” The pure despair of losing to Kokichi in the one field he believed he had the upper hand in… it left Kaito on his knees, unable to handle the shock. He punched the ground, “How?!”

“Well, I don’t like to brag, of course.” Kokichi said, “But I just happen to have a good workout regime… unlike *some* people!”

But there was one thing Shuichi couldn’t quite place… Sure, having such a perfect twunk body was bound to get Kokichi a few wins in his life, but was that enough to win so many rounds of poker, undefeated? He tried to get a closer look at Kokichi’s deck of cards, only for his view to be cut off by a glimmering chest with massive above-91 cm pecs. For a moment, Shuichi thought he’d seen a strange pattern on the back of the cards, one that could easily hide some sort of cue.

Shuichi pushed past Kokichi and gathered up the deck so he could properly observe it. Not only were there cue marks on the backs of the cards, but while flickering through the deck Saihara found not one… not two… but three extra Aces.

He gave Kokichi an unimpressed look as he held up the seven aces, “Cheating, Ouma-kun? I thought games were only fun when played right?” Kokichi wasn’t even *trying* to be subtle with it.

“Hey, it’s not my fault that none of you actually know how to play poker.” Shuichi opened his mouth to retort but was cut off. “Besides you and Shinguuji-chan of course. But you’re stupidly easy to distract, and Shinguuji-chan likes watching people *be* stupid.”

Shuichi pinched his nose, feeling a headache coming on.

“Well, Saihara-chan! No worries, you’re my favorite after all,” Kokichi ignored Rantaro saying ‘I thought I was your favorite?’ and continued on. “You can stare at my chest all you want! Go on! You’ve earned this first-class prize!”

Cheater or not, Shuichi had a funny feeling he’d finally understood the ulterior motive, clear as day with Kaito crying in defeat on the ground “... Did you set all this up just to show off your

muscles?”

“Nishishi~!”

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SPACE

MOMOTA KAITO'S NEVER ENDING SUFFERING

by kei

The sun shines bright in the azure sky, casting a glimmering glow over the ocean. Not a cloud is in sight, and it's the perfect weather to go to the beach.

Kaito jumped at the idea when Kaede proposed it that morning at breakfast as a celebration of their accomplishments and one last time to hang out before it was time for them to go home for summer break, and an hour later, their whole class carpooled to the beach less than half an hour away.

Once they reach the beach, Kaede tells everyone to use the buddy-system and make sure to wear sunblock and stay hydrated.

Kaito spaced out throughout most of the lecture, his gaze fixated on crabs playing around with rocks in the sand, and by the time he looked up his classmates had already started walking away.

He scans the area for his closest friends, but Rantaro was nowhere to be found, and Shuuichi left to go hang out with Maki and Kaede, which left Kaito to hang out with… Kokichi.

Kokichi isn't that bad, not like how everyone thinks he is. Sure, they bicker more often than not, but Kaito remembers being the weirdo that no one liked in class, and being the extrovert that he is, Kaito enjoys making friends with anyone and everyone.

Kaito spots him sitting on a large stone underneath a palm tree fiddling with a bottle of sunblock, so he walks over and sits beside him.

"Need some help with that?" he asks.

Kokichi looks up, happy to see Kaito. "Momota-chan! This bottle won't open," he whines, handing the bottle to him.

Kaito wordlessly takes the bottle, twisting the cap open with a little bit of force before handing it back to Kokichi.

He fishes for his own sunblock in his pocket, making sure to get every spot. He sure as hell doesn't want to have to deal with sunburn again. The last time he had sunburn he couldn't move his shoulders without pain for more than a week, and the irritation of his clothes certainly didn't help matters.

Kokichi unzips the hoodie he's wearing to lather the sunblock, and Kaito isn't exactly paying attention at first, because *why the hell would you wear a hoodie at the beach,* but his line of sight drifts toward Kokichi's torso, and that's when he sees something completely unexpected: a set of six-pack abs.

Granted, Kaito isn't really sure *what* he was expecting when he glanced at Kokichi's torso, but it wasn't *this*. He doesn't even realize that he's staring dumbfounded at Kokichi's abs until Kokichi huffs, snapping him out of his trance.

"You're ripped," Kaito babbles, ever so eloquently.

Kokichi scoffs in return. "Well, *duh,* Momota-chan," he says, as if it's the most logical thing in the world. "You don't pull off grand heists without training for them."

… Okay, he supposes that makes sense. Still, Kaito isn't over the initial shock of Kokichi having *abs*.

He starts thinking about what Kokichi's training regimen must look like. Kaito trains with Maki-maki and Shuichi whenever he can, and he's got

some solid abs as well, but Kokichi probably trains a lot more than Kaito for his abs to look like *that*.

Kaito glances over to Kokichi, his eyes staring down Kokichi's frame. He certainly looks a lot more muscular than one would imagine, though he supposes the white suit he wears hides his body well.

"Anyway, c'mon, let's go make sand castles," Kokichi says firmly. He zips up his hoodie, hiding his abs once more, and Kaito can only follow along.

Sometime later, Miu decides to invite Kaito and Kokichi to play volleyball with her, Tenko, and Kiibo. Kaito agrees to it, but Kokichi is still engrossed in the building of his sand castle.

They're walking along the beachside in silence until Kaito blurts out, "Hey did you know that Ouma has abs? A six pack, too!", a loud laugh escaping from his lips.

Miu stops in her tracks, turning around to face Kaito. She dismisses his comment with a scoff, saying, "*HA!* As if that loser would have a six-pack. What a scrawny little twink."

She turns around again, continuing along to the beach volleyball court. "Good one, Momota."

Kaito only grumbles as he follows Miu. Is it that hard to believe that Kokichi has abs? Though, maybe he shouldn't take Miu's opinion so seriously since she pokes fun at everything.

They meet up with Tenko and Kiibo, and once Kiibo makes the serve, the game is on.

The beach volleyball match goes as expected. Tenko laughed at Kaito when he fell in the sand after failing to hit the ball over the net in the middle of a rally. In all fairness, he's played beach volleyball twice in his life.

As they're packing up, Kaito approaches Kiibo and Tenko. Surely these two will believe that Kokichi has abs, right?

Wrong.

Tenko bursts out laughing when Kaito asks about the idea of Kokichi with abs. "Ouma-kun?! With abs?! No way!"

Kaito just sighs in frustration and turns to Kiibo. "What do you think?"

"It is highly unlikely that he has abs with his body structure," Kiibo answers.

Kaito's about to retort when Rantaro shows up from wherever the hell he's been.

"What's this about abs?" he asks, a curious look over his face as he looks at Kaito.

Miu rolls her eyes, scoffing. "Momota's convinced that twink boy Ouma's got a six pack."

"It's true, I saw it!" Kaito says, though it falls on deaf ears as Miu and Tenko start snickering.

Rantaro looks at him, eyebrow quirked—an immediate tell that he doesn't believe him in the slightest. "Where the hell did you get that idea?"

Kaito just throws his hands up in exasperation as he walks back to where he left Kokichi.

Honestly, he's not even sure why it bugs him so much that no one believes him, since those aren't his own abs, but it does feel like he's going to go mad if he can't convince at least one person to believe him.

Kaito resolves to make that his mission for the rest of the beach trip.

He tries to snap a picture of Kokichi with

his hoodie unzipped, but when he shows it to Miu, she's convinced that it's photoshopped. So are the rest of his classmates. Time for another plan.

Luckily, the opportunity presents itself when the class decides to have a water gun fight. Kokichi is going to have to take his hoodie off, and then everyone will see his abs. Perfect!

Except now that Kokichi isn't wearing his hoodie anymore, he's wearing a rash guard, covering his sweet, sweet abs. Since when does he have a rash guard?! Kaito never saw him bringing it with him.

Well. They're going to stay at the beach until it closes. He's sure that more opportunities will rise.

Kaito tries several times to talk about Kokichi's abs, and yet, not a single one of his classmates believes him. But he's not giving up just yet, he'll defend Kokichi's abs if it's the last thing he does.

Well. Okay, maybe not the last thing he does. But he'll still defend Kokichi's abs and that's still a valiant effort in his book. He never gives up on his missions, regardless of how tough they are, though he wasn't expecting this one to be as tough as it is considering they're at the beach, where people are meant to be shirtless.

Near the end of the day, they're all sitting on a circle of logs around a fire. The sun has started to go down a bit, but it's not much of a concern for any of them.

Kaito's sitting next to Tsumugi and Himiko trying to convince them once more that *yes, Kokichi has abs, no, I am not going insane.*

Although the last one is meant to convince himself rather than Tsumugi and Himiko.

"Are you sure that he has abs?" Tsumugi asks.

"What if they're fake? As someone who dabbles in cosplay, it's not hard to give off the illusion of abs with the use of body suits and padding."

Kaito splutters. Why on earth would Kokichi wear a bodysuit to go to the beach? Is Tsumugi listening to herself right now? "No! They're real!" He huffs. "No, I'm going to prove it to you, Kokichi does have abs," Kaito declares, fully fed up with no one believing him.

He stands up from his log and marches over to where Kokichi is sitting with Rantaro and Shuichi, tugging on the zipper of Kokichi's hoodie to pull it open. Kaito gestures wildly at Kokichi's abs. "*See!* I told all of you that he has abs and none of you believed me!"

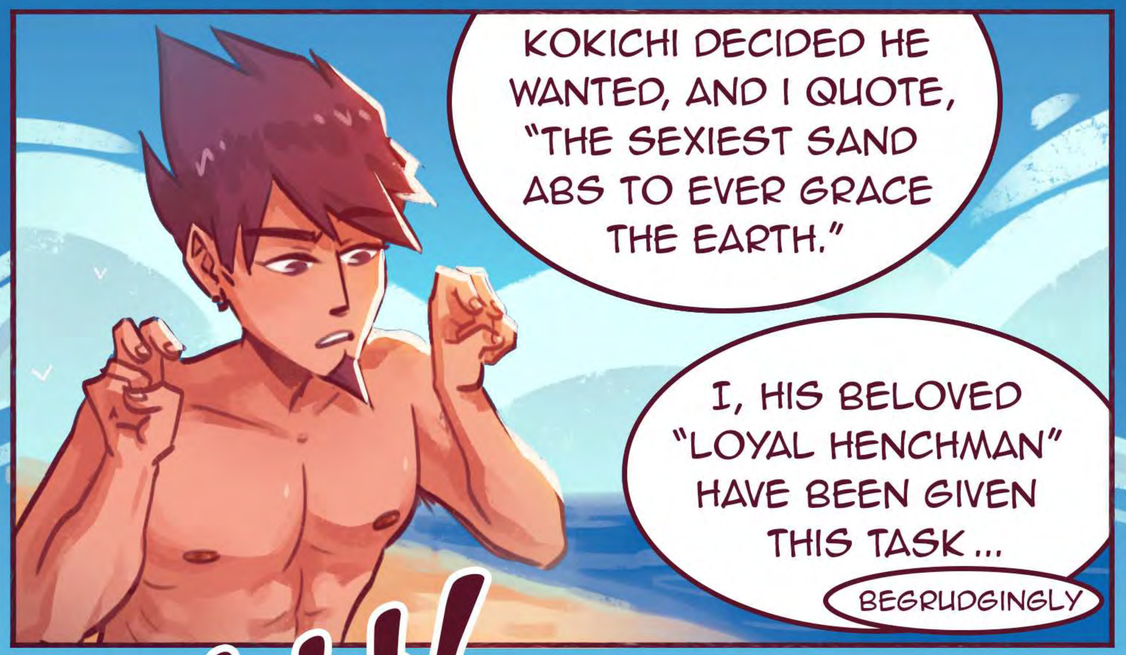
Everyone just stares at him and nods slowly before turning back to their original conversations.

Rantaro pats his shoulder. "Okay, buddy, we believe you now. Did you drink enough water today?"

"Yes," Kaito answers, grimacing. Rantaro hands him a water bottle from the cooler anyway.

At the very least, mission complete—even if it didn't net him the reactions he wanted.

WHAT THE *HELL* ARE YOU VIRGINS DOING???



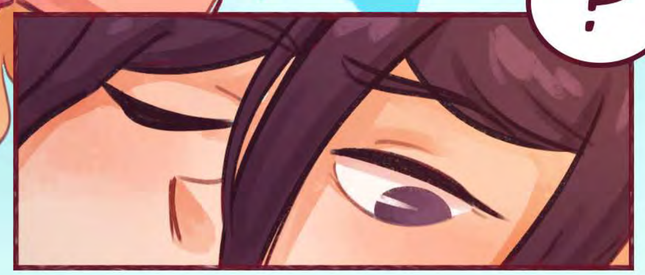
KOKICHI DECIDED HE WANTED, AND I QUOTE, "THE SEXIEST SAND ABS TO EVER GRACE THE EARTH."

I, HIS BELOVED "LOYAL HENCHMAN" HAVE BEEN GIVEN THIS TASK...

BEGRUDGINGLY

HAH!

I GET IT, THE *TWINK* IS OVERCOMPENSATING AND NEEDS SOME SHITTY SAND ABS TO REPLACE THE NONE HE'S GOT



?

YOU SURE ABOUT THAT, BITCHLET?

THAT'S *TWUNK* TO YOU, WHORE. GAZE IN WONDER AT THE ABS FIT FOR A GOD, SAND COULD NEVER REPLICATE THIS PERFECTION.

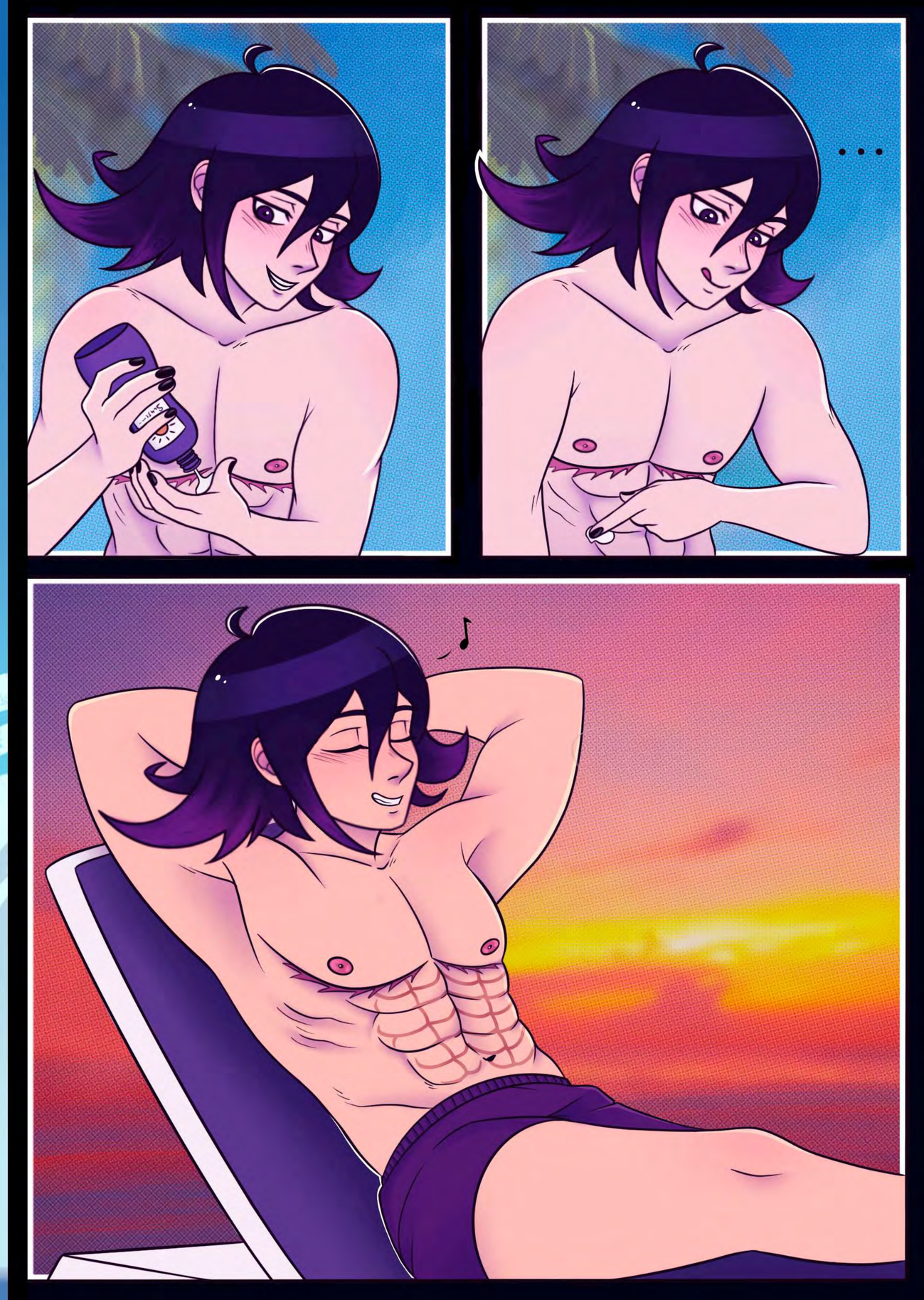
WE GET IT, YOUR ABS ARE BETTER THAN OURS.

SHOWOFF...

HHHHHH.....

.....ABS.....

...



BATTLE OF THE ABS

by irisowari

One thing Kokichi didn't expect on his Friday afternoon was for Miu Iruma to bang on his door while he was brainstorming ways to take over the world. He opened the door and she stood there, arms crossed and eyebrows furrowed.

"Hey, twerp, a little birdy told me you had abs," Miu stated. "Is it true?"

Kokichi was taken aback, but he answered, "What's it to you, cootie queen? Why do you care about anything to do with me, all of a sudden?"

Miu gasped at the insult and rolled her eyes. "I *don't* care, you grape jolly rancher! I'm curious, that's all."

Kokichi couldn't help but snicker. "You wouldn't have asked me if that was true."

"Fine! I'm asking because I want to put you to the test. I want to see which one of us has stronger abs. Happy?"

Kokichi matched her stance and crossed his arms, shifting his weight on one foot. "Sure, why not? I guess I can take a break from my plans to take over the world."

Miu's jaw dropped. "What?! There's no way a twink like *you* has abs."

"I guess we'll see when we test who's stronger," Kokichi responded. "When will the competition begin?"
Miu thought for a moment. "How about tomorrow before dinner?"

Miu thought for a moment. "How about tomorrow before dinner?"

Kokichi smirked. "Sounds like a plan."

Miu cracked her knuckles. "Great! Prepare to go crying to your mommy after this."

"Uno reverse."

The next day, Kokichi went outside to the courtyard, seeing that Miu (and unexpectedly, Kiibo) had beaten him there.

Miu snorted. "Hah! You're a few minutes late. I must've had you shaking in your boots, right?"

"First off, they're *flats*, not boots," Kokichi retorted. "And second, you don't scare me. I'm fearless!"

"Yeah, right! Explain the time you were terrified of the rat that got into the chemistry classroom!"

"Did I forget to mention I'm an actor?"

"Don't believe you."

"Guys..? Can we get back on track?" Kiibo asked shyly. "It'll be dark soon."

Kokichi raised a brow. "Why are they here?"

"They're our mediator! We have to treat this fairly."

"I also came up with the competitions because Miu didn't want to."

Miu cackled nervously. "That's hilarious! I wouldn't abandon the plans *I* made. Kiibo, you're silly!"

"But you showed up at my door and asked me—"

Miu interrupted them. "How about we get this started, shall we? We don't want to show up too late

to dinner. What's first, Kiibo?"

Kiibo looked at the sheet of paper in their hand. "Uh… arm wrestling. Best two out of three."

"Easy win for me!" Miu exclaimed. "Just look at how *small* Kokichi's muscles are. I could just laugh!"

Kokichi tore the sleeves of his shirt off. "Just wait, Miu! You won't see it coming a mile away."

He flexed his muscles to reveal a pair of meaty biceps. Miu was shocked.

"Your muscles have to be fake!" she shouted. "You're tiny! There's no way."

Kokichi shrugged with a smile on his face. "There *is* a way. When you're a part of an evil organization and have people on your tail twenty-four/seven… you gain quite a bit of muscle. Are you ready for the arm wrestle?"

Miu swallowed the lump in her throat and nodded. They took a seat at a picnic table across from each other and Kiibo stood at the edge. Miu and Kokichi's hands interlocked, and Kiibo focused on their arms.

"Are you both ready?" Kiibo asked. Miu and Kokichi nodded. "One… two… three… go!"

Miu and Kokichi began pushing in the opposite direction, both struggling against each other.

"What the- how are you so strong?!" Miu yelled. "This shouldn't be possible!"

"I told you!" Kokichi replied, having almost equally as much trouble as Miu.

After a few seconds, Kokichi finally overpowered her, and he pushed her arm back on the table.

"Kokichi wins!" Kiibo announced, scribbling something down on the sheet of paper in their hand.

Miu whined. "He *has* to be cheating! Kiibo, don't you think this is unrealistic?"

Kiibo shrugged. "I'm here to be unbiased! That's what mediators do!"

Miu rolled her eyes. "Whatever. Let's just do the other rounds."

Kiibo counted them down, and Kokichi and Miu were once again pushing against each other's arms, but this time it ended in Miu's favor.

"Haha! I win, you lose, you sucker!" Miu stood and cheered, and Kokichi couldn't contain his laugh.

"You realize you lost against me once, right?" Kokichi sneered. "Don't get too excited. We still have one more round to go."

Miu settled down and the two interlocked hands one final time. Kiibo initiated the competition once more and after seconds of trying to overcome the other, Kokichi pushed Miu's arm down.

Miu screamed, nearly bursting into tears. "No! I refuse to believe I lost to this *twerp!*"

"Except you did." Kokichi drew out his words. "One point for the king of the world!"

Kiibo looked at their sheet of paper. "Alright, the second test is… sit-ups."

"I got this one in the bag!" Miu exclaimed.

"Yeah, you thought you would beat me in arm wrestling," Kokichi teased. "And look how that went."

"Do you want me to punch you in the face?!"

"How does this test work?" Kokichi asked Kiibo, ignoring Miu.

"You're going to do as many sit-ups as you can. The first person who can't make it to a sitting position loses."

Kokichi and Miu laid on the ground with their knees up to the sky and their hands behind their heads.

"One," Kiibo counted. Kokichi and Miu both did one sit-up. They counted to twenty-two, and which was when Miu was beginning to grow tired. Kokichi was still going strong, looking as if the sit-ups didn't bother him one bit.

At thirty-four sit-ups, Miu attempted one more sit-up, but she couldn't make it.

"And Kokichi wins!"

"You have to be joking!" Miu was in genuine disbelief. "How'd he beat me at this?!"
"I guess it's looking like I'm—dare I say it—stronger than you!" Kokichi commented. "Bow to me, you weakling!"

"H-Hey, there's still one more part to this!" Miu stuttered. "I still have a chance! What's next, Kiibo?"

"Um, it's an obstacle course," Kiibo responded. "I'll lead you to where Gonta and I set it up."

Kiibo led Kokichi and Miu inside the school and to the gym where they saw a set up of a lot of different equipment like parallel bars, mats, balance beams, and trampolines as well as signs with arrows drawn on them to say which direction to go in. For being indoors, Kokichi and Miu thought it was impressive and well set up.

Kiibo walked them through the obstacle course, explaining how to go through it. Kokichi and Miu were getting antsy and wanted to prove the other wrong.

"Do you guys understand how to get through the obstacle course?" Kiibo questioned the two. "Or do I have to explain something better?"

"No, but I have a question," Miu stated. "Is this the test that declares the winner?"

Kiibo sighed. "Miu, you should know this. You were the one who instructed me to plan this. The first two tests were warm-ups, and this is the actual competition. So whoever wins this has the stronger abs. Got it?"

"Hey! So you're telling me this expired strawberry tried to rig this in her favor in case she was losing?!"

"No, I just— I, uh—"

Kiibo rubbed their temples. "I can't bear this anymore."

"You're cheating!"

"Am not!"

"Are too!"

"Am *not!*"

"Are *too!*"

"Can we *please* just get this over with so I can go on with my life?"

Kokichi turned to Kiibo. "And how *dare you* just allow Miu to cheat?! You're supposed to be unbiased."

"Kokichi, i-if you don't stay quiet, I'll declare Miu the winner no matter the results," Kiibo

threatened.

"Ugh, fine!" Kokichi stopped and stayed quiet, but he kicked Miu in the shin.

Miu grabbed her leg. "Ow, what was that for, you stale piece of cereal?!"

"Who's going first?" Kiibo asked.

Before barely a second passed, Miu shouted, "Ladies first!"

Kiibo grabbed a stopwatch from a compartment where their stomach should be and turned it on.

"Ready… set… go!" Kiibo said, and Miu began running through the obstacle course.

She got through it fast, not struggling at all. If Kokichi were to ever tell the truth (which he never would), he'd admit that he was a bit intimidated by how well she was doing.

Miu finished the obstacle course with a time of 58.729 seconds. Kiibo announced her time, and Kokichi was up next. Kiibo counted him down and he started running, faster than his small legs could keep up with him.

Kokichi nearly stumbled over his feet many times, almost falling on his face worse than the time he face-planted after getting launched in Himiko's cannon. He thought it was the end for his twunk-ness, but he believed he shouldn't give up. The king of the world was to never let his guard down.

He picked up his pace, and before he knew it, he finished the obstacle course, thankfully still in one piece.

Kiibo wrote Kokichi's time down on their sheet of paper and looked over the two times they wrote down. They were slightly shocked by the results.

"Kokichi won by one millisecond!" Kiibo announced.

Miu fell to her knees and shouted, "No! This is unfair! I can't believe I got beaten by a twink!"

"You mean, *twunk?*" Kokichi corrected her with a smirk on his face.

"Shut up!" Miu snapped.

And that was how Kokichi became the Twunk of The Ultimate Academy for Gifted Juveniles.

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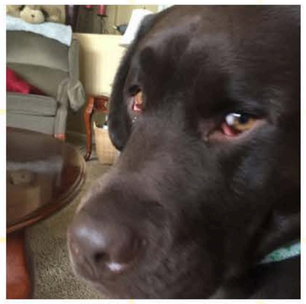

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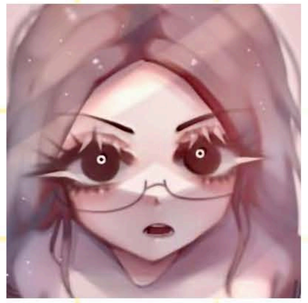

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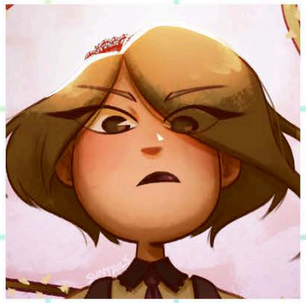

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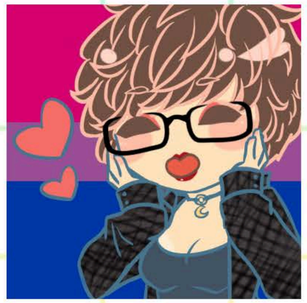

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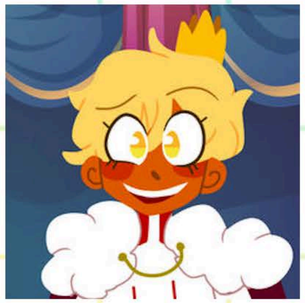

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